1837
1901

The
Rev. W. Parker Morgan,
M. A. (Oxon.), D.D.,
Rector.

A Service

In Commemoration of

Her Majesty, Victoria

Late Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, Empress of India, who entered into life on Tuesday, January 22, 1901

✠

Under the Auspices of the

British Schools and Universities Club

Of New York

✠

Church of the Heavenly Rest

New York

Sunday, February 3, 1901

4 P. M.

Order of Service

✝

Prelude— Funeral March (Eroica) . . . . . *Beethoven*

ORGAN, HARP AND VIOLIN

Processional— Hymn 674

Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin?
The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.

Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed?
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round?
On Jesus' bosom naught but calm is found.

Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?
In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.

Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace. AMEN.

Selections— From Psalms 39 and 90

FROM THE BURIAL OFFICE.

Lesson— I Corinthians, XV–20

Hymn— 348

When our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Jesu, Son of Mary, hear!

Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,
Thou hast shed the human tear;
Jesu, Son of Mary, hear!

When the solemn death-bell tolls
For our own departing souls,
When our final doom is near,
Jesu, Son of Mary, hear!

Thou hast bowed the dying head,
Thou the blood of life hast shed,
Thou hast filled a mortal bier;
Jesu, Son of Mary, hear!

When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin;
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Jesu, Son of Mary, hear!

Thou the shame, the grief, hast known,
Though the sins were not Thine own;
Thou hast deigned their load to bear;
Jesu, Son of Mary, hear! AMEN.

Creed and Collects

Hymn— 418

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast
And our eternal home:

Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defense is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guide while life shall last,
And our eternal home. AMEN.

Sermon— . . . THE REV. E. WALPOLE WARREN, M.A. (Cantab) D.D.,
RECTOR OF ST. JAMES' PARISH, NEW YORK

Anthem— "Crossing The Bar" . . . *The Rev. H. H. Woodward, M. A.*

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,
But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark.
For though from out our bourne of Time and Place,
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

Benediction—

THE RIGHT REV. GEORGE WORTHINGTON, D. D.
BISHOP OF NEBRASKA.

Recessional— Hymn 396

Ten thousand times ten thousand
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
Throng up the steeps of light:
'Tis finished! all is finished,
Their fight with death and sin:
Fling open wide the golden gates,
And let the victors in.

What rush of alleluias
Fills all the earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
O day, for which creation
And all its tribes were made!
O joy, for all its former woes
A thousand-fold repaid!

Oh, then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore!
What knitting severed friendships up,
Where partings are no more!
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle
That brimmed with tears of late;
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

Bring near Thy great salvation,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain;
Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
Then take Thy power and reign!
Appear, Desire of nations!
Thine exiles long for home:
Show in the heavens Thy promised sign
Thou Prince and Saviour, come! AMEN.

Postlude— Funeral March . . . . . *Chopin*

PRESS OF J. C. & W, E. POWERS.

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